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BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Confer.*



LINA CONVALESCENT.

IDONEA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Oh, what were life,
Even in the warm and summer light of joy
Without those hopes that, like refreshing gales
At evening from the sea, come o'er the soul,
Breathed from the ocean of eternity!

—Professor Wilson.

As we have said, Idonea remained with Lina all the night after the concert. Neither had any

No. 1499.—SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

sleep, for Lina was so excited and restless that she talked and moved incessantly, and so kept her companion awake as well as herself. In the morning she was too ill to get up. It was Sunday, and only Mr. and Miss Dooner and Idonea were in time for church; the rest of the family were sleeping off the excitement of the previous evening. At Lina's request Idonea stayed at home with her, and when Mrs. Dooner emerged from her room about noon, and went to see after them, she found the one in bed, the other

PRICE ONE PENNY.

vainly striving to keep her quiet. Mrs. Dooner was alarmed at certain feverish symptoms, and called Idonea from the room to make inquiries. She said as little as she could with truth of Lina's previous excitement, but Mrs. Dooner gathered enough to throw the blame on Madame Ronda and Idonea.

She aroused and alarmed the household, for Lina was the pet and the beauty. Duke had the grace to say that Idonea was not in fault, since Lina had left her, but there was no one to speak up for Madame Ronda. No one seemed to see that Lina had wilfully resolved to have the evening at her own disposal, and had, accordingly, escaped from Idonea and evaded all other chaperons. Neither did any one acknowledge that parents and sisters had been too much engrossed in their own concerns to look after her. She was a delicate girl, and of such an excitable temperament, that it was not surprising she was upset by the crowd, the draughty passages, the rich supper, the wine, the hilarity, and the compliments. She was not the only young lady who complained of headache, cold, and fatigue that Sunday morning, much-enduring as is the fashionable world generally. But Lina's ailments turned out to be more serious still. The family doctor was sent for, who said she had fever, and must be kept quiet and in bed. These orders were obeyed with difficulty, for she was too restless and excitable to be still. In spite of Duke's assertions, the blame was still cast on Madame Ronda and Idonea, although the one was engaged the previous evening in singing, and the other had no authority. In unexpected disasters we blame every one but ourselves.

"Madame Ronda shall never enter the house again, and Miss Umfreville shall leave at once. I will write to her brother," said Mrs. Dooner. "Regular governesses were best, after all."

And Mrs. Dooner, who was hasty, in spite of the formality of her speech, did write to Percy, thus enlightening him on Idonea's position as well as Lina's illness. Lina, however, would have no one near her save Idonea. "If you leave me I will get up directly," she said; and Idonea assumed the post of head nurse quite naturally, and much as if it was her right.

Some people are said to be born nurses, and Idonea must have been one of them, for she had helped to nurse her father through a long and painful illness, and her brothers and sisters through their many childish disorders. She had not taken to nursing as a profession, as many of her compeers had done, for two reasons—the first, that her brother would have disapproved of her so doing; the second, that she had enough practice amongst her own people and the surrounding poor. Thus, having previously tried her "prentice hand" at home, she kept it in practice by manipulating Lina's drugs and possets. Mrs. Dooner found it expedient, under the circumstances, to withdraw the mandate for Idonea's departure, known as yet to herself alone, and to leave her to bear with Lina's caprices. These were so numerous that even her slave, Marks, gladly resigned her duties in Idonea's favour, and was content to obey her and the doctor's orders.

"I am at least earning my wages now, which is a satisfaction," wrote Idonea to Percy, in reply to an anxious inquiry concerning the cause of the illness. "Mr. Neville will explain the rest, for I have no time for writing. Mrs. Dooner will not dismiss me while I can be of use to Lina, who is very ill."

She was very ill, and, it was feared, of a dangerous fever. The Miss Dooners were afraid of infection, as many people are. They had never had either scarlet or typhus, and understood that they were often fatal to grown-up people, so, after due deliberation, and, of course, much mental discipline, they went to stay with friends—they literally fled to cast themselves upon the bosom of friendship. Shrewd little Lina, who was clear-headed as yet, said to Idonea, satirically,

"They are frightened to death. So much for sisterly affection. Well, I must confess I never wasted mine on them."

Duke also kept at a distance. He was fond of Lina, but not so fond of her as of himself, therefore, since he could be of no service, he thought it wiser to run no risk.

"And what of you, my dear?" said Dr. May to Idonea, when these arrangements were completed, and quarantine ordained. "You are young, and your friends may wish you to run no risk. You should not be here under the circumstances."

"I have had scarlatina, and I am not afraid of infection," replied Idonea, cheerfully. "I have nursed a brother and sister in fever, and been in the cottages when there were infectious diseases. We thought nothing of it. I cannot leave Lina, for she depends upon me."

Dr. May argued that this dependence was of no consequence since professional nurses could be obtained.

"Then I will be a professional nurse," said Idonea, laughing. "I am here as companion, and I cannot be idle."

But Dr. May apprehended danger, and requested Mr. Dooner to communicate with the young lady's friends, as he considered the responsibility great. Mr. Dooner wrote to Percy, who replied in person. He saw Idonea, and the result of the interview was that they both believed it right that she should remain, since it had pleased God to place her in that position, but Percy said he would write to his mother on the subject.

"Lina will not bear me out of her sight. Tell mother that I could not leave her, and I have no fear; even Mrs. Dooner dreads infection," said Idonea.

"I will; and I am sure you will be guided and supported," returned Percy. "Neville, however, thinks you are not called upon to remain, since you have not been properly treated. He takes the matter to heart, and has even delayed his journey on Lina's account. He seems really interested in her, and makes continual inquiries. He is a curious anomaly."

"What journey?" asked Idonea, with some eagerness.

"This journey abroad in search of his sister. He has a sort of forlorn hope of tracing her from Genoa, where Miss Welborn, the actress, confessed to have met her. He believes that she must have left England to join Miss Long, and has never returned, and that there is a better chance of discovering her under her assumed name of Clarina Nortina than under her own. I shall still be here in London, to seize any clue that may help us to find her. If only these efforts had been made before there might have been some hope."

"Poor Percy!" ejaculated Idonea.

"Poor Neville! rather," returned Percy. "He is truly a knight-errant, for he is almost as much dis-

tressed about your friend Madame Ronda's affairs as his own. It seems that he found her in some distress the night of your concert, and since she has discovered that he is her benefactor, delicacy prevents his aiding her personally. Besides, he has been spending money so lavishly on London charities, that if he does not take care, he will soon be poor himself."

"I am just as anxious about Madame Ronda as he is, for she is evidently very poor and very proud, like ourselves. Either he or you must see after her. She will not be needed here, and we cannot let her and her children starve," replied prompt Idonea. "I wonder how she came to know Sir Richard Dyke? Perhaps she is his wife! Both their faces changed when they met, and I am sure he is not a good man."

"You are getting quite a woman of the world, Doe," laughed Percy.

"I keep my eyes and ears open, and try to hold my tongue, as Mr. Timmins advised me," returned Idonea. "Still, I would rather not be a woman of the world, for I hate to be suspecting people."

"Neville bade me tell you that he was sorry not to wish you good-night and good-bye that unfortunate Saturday; and Miss Stiffens has sent you a camphor bag, which she requests you to wear," said Percy, affecting gravity.

"Kissing by proxy," returned Idonea.

"Not at all; I have a dozen similar bags, of sizes varying, apparently, according to the danger of infection, and she superintends my using them," laughed Percy.

Here Mrs. Dooner joined them. She said that Lina was calling for Idonea excitedly, and that when told she was with Percy she had asked to see him.

"She is so strange," explained terrified Mrs. Dooner, whose life had hitherto been comparatively untroubled. "She says you are a clergyman, and will come. What can we do?"

Idonea hastened to Lina, who insisted on seeing Percy in his clerical capacity.

"You cannot see him to-day, dear. When you are better he will come," said Idonea, decidedly.

"I want to ask whether the petticoats, and the crossing-sweeper, and the sixpences I have given will cover my multitude of sins; for I have been very naughty and perverse, and disobedient and unkind, and perhaps I shall die!" exclaimed Lina, rapidly, sitting up in her bed.

"Our loving Saviour will pardon the penitent and believing, however guilty," replied Idonea. "I will ask Percy to come again, if you will keep quiet now."

Lina obeyed, and Idonea perceived by her flushed face and excited manner that the fever was increasing. She hurried back to Mrs. Dooner and Percy, saying,

"I have promised that she shall see my brother, Mrs. Dooner, when she is a little better. I hope I have not done wrong, but I had no other means of quieting her."

"Promise anything, everything she asks," replied the agitated mother. "You will come, Mr. Umfreville?"

"Certainly; whenever you send for me as a friend, or by permission of your own pastor in my ministerial capacity. Clerical etiquette is severe, I grieve to say."

It did not seem to strike Mrs. Dooner that Percy would run any risk of infection by visiting a fever-

stricken house any more than it had struck her that Idonea was in more danger as nurse than her own daughters would have been as mere inmates. Selfishness is just as much a disease as typhoid fever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.—T. Hood.

A STRICT quarantine was observed in the Dooner family. No one but Idonea, the nurses, and the mother approached poor Lina, and the latter did more harm than good. The apparently quiet woman grew talkative and irritable, reproaching every one but herself for her child's dangerous illness.

One day when Idonea ventured to say that it was "God who maketh sick and maketh whole," she replied by declaring that she would not have been ill at all had Idonea never come into the house, for then they must have had a resident governess who would have taken proper care of her. Idonea refrained from retort, though more than one apt and bitter answer arose.

The fever proved to be typhus of a malignant kind, and recrimination ceased when Lina was at death's door. Consultations of doctors were held, and all that money could do was done to stave off the progress of the disease, but it took its own course, and Lina went through all those gradations of delirium, unconsciousness, raging thirst, and utter prostration that fever brings in its train. Idonea only left her for intervals of repose in an adjoining room, and Lina grew impatient, restless, and excited when she was absent.

When the crisis arrived, Lina was given over. Idonea could do little for her then but pray, which she did, day and night. Mr. Dooner insisted on seeing his darling; but she was delirious when he came and stood with his wife by her bedside. Idonea was bathing the burning cheeks and moistening the parched mouth, while Lina uttered a few incoherent sentences, in which her name, Percy's, and that of the twins were audible. Her mind had been continually wandering to Idonea's family, and seemingly forgetting her own. This had increased Mrs. Dooner's irritation, who believed it to be Idonea's work. Mr. Dooner, however, saw nothing but the courageous devotion of a young girl to whom no special kindness had been shown.

"God bless you!" he sobbed, as he leaned over his child and kissed her. "You may yet save my darling."

"Not I, dear sir, but God," said Idonea.

They watched her all that night, and the family doctor remained in the house. As the delirium subsided, she became insensible, and Idonea, who had seen her father "fall asleep," believed the end was near. She had nerved herself to bear even this, but she was young, and death is never without its terrors. She saw the eyes close, and fancied the breathing ceased. Worn out with fatigue and watching, she sank back on the chair near the bed and fainted. When she came to herself, the first words she heard were in the doctor's voice:

"I am afraid she has taken it. I thought she would."

She was lying on the sofa in the schoolroom, and he and Mr. Dooner were by her side.

"Lina? Is she—is she dead?" she murmured, when consciousness returned.

"She is asleep. You have saved her," said Mr. Dooner, bending over her and kissing her.

"Good nursing, indeed!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Let me go to her," said Idonea, and burst into a flood of wholesome tears.

The doctor decided that she must go to bed instead. But who was there to nurse Idonea? She made a vigorous effort to stand up, and went to her own room as requested, with the help of Mr. Dooner.

"I do not think I have caught it. All will be well now dear Lina sleeps," she said, cheerfully.

"I will order in another nurse at once," returned Mr. Dooner, scarcely knowing what to do.

"I am much better. I will return to Lina," said Idonea.

"That you will not," interrupted Dr. May, who appeared accompanied by Marks, who had volunteered to nurse Idonea, fever or no fever.

"But Lina?" asked Idonea of the doctor.

"I hope the crisis is past. She must be kept very quiet. You could be of no use if you were with her."

The gentlemen left the room, and Marks helped Idonea to undress. When she was in bed, Dr. May returned, and having felt her pulse, ordered rest, and medicine, to be given only if she failed to obtain sleep. It was not needed. She had slept so little during the last three weeks, that when once more in bed, with Marks by her side, she was soon asleep. A good constitution and a healthful mind preserved her, with God's blessing, from the fever; the fainting fit had been caused by fatigue and momentary dread.

"She sleeps like a child," ejaculated Marks. "I wish her mother were here."

It had been midnight when she fell asleep; it was midday when she awoke. She started up in affright and was out of bed in a moment. She dressed hastily, and feeling well, and quite refreshed by her long sleep, went to Lina's room, entering noiselessly, without arousing the nurse, who was dozing while Lina still slept. Meanwhile Marks and the doctor had been to her room, and found the bird flown.

"I dare say she is delirious," said the doctor.

"She slept like a top," replied the terrified Marks.

Idonea took her place silently near Lina's pillow. But for "the breathing soft and low," she would still have thought the spirit departed from that white tabernacle. As she watched, however, the child's eyes opened, and she murmured, "Idonea."

"Here, darling," whispered Idonea, kissing the pale face.

"Pray for me," said Lina, and Idonea knelt for a few seconds, and breathed a short prayer.

Then she touched the nurse, who left the room and returned with the doctor. He shook his fist at Idonea, and took her place by Lina.

"All right! Getting on famously. Nursing and nourishment now," he said, cheerfully, and beckoned Idonea from the room.

He at once acknowledged that she had not, as yet, any symptoms of the fever; ordered her breakfast, and certain precautionary measures, and told her that she was "a capital nurse."

And such she continued to prove. Although actual danger was past, Lina was still in a critical state, and every one dreaded for the slight, delicate frame, some one of the many legacies that fever so often

leaves. She had now to be watched, fed, and nursed like an infant. For days she could not move, and scarcely spoke at all; yet she was slowly regaining her powers. She would receive food and medicine from no one but Idonea, and was in too precarious a state to bear remonstrance. Sometimes she could only be prevailed upon to swallow what her friend had herself prepared, and Idonea's knowledge of cookery stood her in good stead. It seemed to please Lina to watch her preparations simmer on the hob, and to whisper, "The school of cookery."

During all this time Percy called occasionally, but did not see his sister. He was too well accustomed to fever-dens to fear infection, but she was not allowed to leave the apartments set aside for the quarantine. Letters, however, reached her both from him and her mother, and they were letters of encouragement to perseverance in good works, and trust in her Heavenly Father. Mrs. Umfreville laid a strong restraint on her feelings in writing to Idonea, but to her son she was unrestrained, and she proposed to come to London at all risks. She would have done so had not the good doctor assured Percy that Idonea had, as yet, no symptoms of the fever.

It was May before Lina recovered strength. During her long convalescence she made many good resolutions, and Idonea was the confidante of a variety of confessions. Amongst others, that she had resolved to be a teetotaler as soon as she was out of the doctor's hands.

"I shall never look any of them in the face again, for I believe I was almost tipsy," she said, a flush on her white cheek.

"One may be sober without being a teetotaler," replied Idonea.

"I will see your brother. He will understand me, for he knows better than you what it all comes to. Duke tells me of many grand, fashionable ladies who drink too much."

"Nonsense! that would be impossible. People exaggerate so. The poor drink to drown their cares," said Idonea.

"And the rich to drown their nerves!" cried excited Lina. "I know all about it; I have been thinking it out. Why, I read in the paper that more than thirty millions a year are spent on drink. I mean to turn good and preach. You promised that I might see your brother when I was better."

This wish to have an interview with Percy was so strong that Mr. Dooner himself brought him to the house one day; and overruling his wife's remonstrances, arranged that he should see both Lina and Idonea. He was shown up to the schoolroom, where his sister met him. After a loving embrace and a few words of thankfulness, he told her of their mother's commands concerning her.

"You are to return home as soon as Lina has recovered," he said. "Mother chooses to take the initiative, and declares you shall not remain in a house which you have been once told to leave. I have had difficulty in preventing her coming to fetch you. Neville also said you had not been properly treated."

"They know nothing about it. One must earn one's bread, and I may be fifty times worse off," returned Idonea, hotly. "Where is Mr. Neville?"

"Abroad. I have heard from him once or twice."

"Has he discovered traces of his sister?"

Percy shook his head; he rarely spoke on that subject.

"He is a queer fellow," he said, after a pause. "He has left me more heavily burdened than ever, by making me his referee or almoner. The other day I received a post-office order for five pounds, made out in my name, and accompanied by a note to him, containing the words, 'From Madame Ronda, with grateful thanks.'"

"Poor Madame Ronda!" exclaimed Idonea. "We have quite forgotten her, and Mrs. Dooner blames her as well as me for Lina's illness. Did you acknowledge the order?"

"I called at the house where I left you, and heard that Madame Ronda had been obliged to leave, I gathered, because she could not afford to remain. The servant did not know her address."

"Then we will write to the landlord. She and her children must not starve, though we seem likely all to starve together. And I have been studying cookery! Of what use, if one has nothing to cook?" said Idonea, cheerfully.

"To prepare you for a hospital nurse: vocation of ladies-of-all-work," laughed Percy. "What would mother say to that?"

"That there is plenty of nursing at home. She is not a woman of the period. But we must go to Lina, and I will write and remonstrate with mother."

"No good; you will have to leave London without having even glanced at the attractions of its season."

"We shall see," rejoined Idonea, leading the way to Lina's sick room.

Mrs. Dooner was there, not very well pleased at Percy's visit, though refraining from contradicting Lina, who was still very weak and excitable. Lina's long hair had fallen off during the fever, and its place was supplied by a dainty little cap. She was in bed, and looked prettier and more childlike than ever. Her room was furnished with every appliance of luxury, and but for the little bed, with its lacey, pink-trimmed drapery, might have been a drawing-room. Books, flowers, papers, ornaments were scattered everywhere.

"An invalid's fancy. Excuse a child," said Mrs. Dooner.

"You must all go away. This is my confessional," said imperative Lina. "Georgina goes to confess, but I am too weak, so I have my father confessor here. I call him that, though he says he is only a minister of God's word."

"My dear Lina, he is Low Church," whispered Mrs. Dooner.

"But he is Idonea's brother, and knows just what I want," replied Lina, her eyes dilating with excitement. "He will ask God to make me good, and tell me what I am to do to serve Him all my life long. Won't you, Mr. Umfreville?"

"Yes; but we need not exclude Mrs. Dooner and Idonea," replied Percy.

However, Lina made an impatient gesture, and Mrs. Dooner and Idonea left her and Percy alone together.

CÆDMON'S VISION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF PEARLS," "SELINA'S STORY," ETC.

ATTACHED to the Abbey of Whitby, about the year 680, was a cowherd of the name of Cædmon. Of course he was no scholar. He could not read, and his memory was badly furnished with the metrical lore which among his countrymen supplied the place of books. At the same time, he was so sensitive, that when, at a banquet, the guests began to regale one another with a song, rather than betray his ignorance, he used to get up and slink away. One evening, amidst a festive party, the dreaded harp was introduced, and as soon as it drew near his corner, the cowherd, as usual, rose, and in vexation sought the stable. Here, after feeding the cattle, he threw himself down on what was probably his ordinary couch, a heap of straw, and fell asleep. But the fatal harp haunted his dreams. He thought that a stranger accosted him and asked him to sing. He said, "I cannot, and that is the reason why I have just quitted my friend's table."

"But you can," replied the stranger.

"What then," asked the cowherd, "would you have me to sing?"

"The Origin of all Things," returned the speaker, and immediately, in his dream, Cædmon found himself composing and singing a poem on Creation. When he awoke he remembered his verses, and the affair soon came to the knowledge of the monks. They were so struck with Cædmon's performance that they invited him to assume the religious habit, and thenceforward it was the business of his life to render into verse passages of Scripture on doctrines of divinity which his brethren taught him in plain prose, and then took down from his tuneful lips.—From "*Christian Classics*," by James Hamilton, D.D.

He had been merry with the guests
That gathered in the hall,
Had answered to the uncouth jests
Of freeman and of thrall.

And he had drunk their wild grape wine,
With full as much delight
As if the vintage had been fine
And sparkling to the sight.

But when they called for song and lyre,
In scorn he stood aside;
His eyelids screened a sullen fire,
His bosom swelled with pride.

He waited not the minstrel's lay,
The throb of tuneful wires,
But to his brute-friends stole away,
And fed them on their byres.

"And this," he cried, "is all, is all
That Heaven requires of me,
To fodder these and cleanse the stall,
And labour patiently."

So down upon his bed of straw
His weary frame he flung,
A rebel 'gainst eternal law,
A thrall, oppression-stung!

"Why should a harp disturb his mind?
Why should a song affright?"
In mournful pauses asked the Wind,
With holy eyes, the Night.

"Shall Cædmon, then, no strain entrance,
That links its winsome measure
With runes that in their airy dance
Scatter their pearls for treasure,

To enrich the carl of patriot heart
With what had been spoil only
For lore-thane, and for monkish-mart,
And for the cloister lonely ?

Has he no pulse to throb for deeds
That are the minstrel's story ?
No voice to swell the acclaim that pleads,
'Live on !' to ages hoary ?

No music chord ? no hidden spring ?
These know not of his tending ;
No hope, no fear, no vibrant string ?
That preludes life unending.

A wingless soul ! must he lie low,
Contented in debasement,
While eyes of stars are glistening so
On him from Heaven's casement,

And showing many a glory-track
That waits the soul immortal ;
And pointing up, and throwing back
With 'All hail !' Heaven's portal ?

"But not for me ! oh, not for me !"
Cried Cædmon, in derision,
"I am a cowherd of the lea,
Mock me with no such vision."

Through many a rift he saw the moon,
The abbey wall she whitened,
He turned his face from her, and soon
Slept with a heart unlightened.

With Heaven's harmonies his ear
Was filled up to its measure,
They crystallised into a tear
Of pain, but not of pleasure.

For even in his dreams the stars
Imaged a harp that haunted ;
They mocked him from their shadowy bars,
And o'er his misery vaunted.

And Charles's Wain, Orion sweet,
Were all transformed to sever
Their influence kind, and 'neath their feet
To trample him for ever.

Then deeper, deeper grew his sleep,
When, lo ! a stranger came,
And fixing on him eyes as deep,
Accosted him by name.

"A boon ! I ask of thee," he cried,
"A boon ! Rise, Cædmon, sing."
"A boon ! Nay, why shouldst thou deride.
I could not for the king.

I could not if my life must make
Reprisal for denial ;
Nay, urge me not ; for mercy's sake
Spare to my heart this trial.

Have I not left in foolish rage
The banquet-hall and table,
Where tongueless bird in darkened cage
Were scarce more miserable ?"—

"True ; but I here command thee, raise
Thy voice, for thou *canst* sing ;
Thy soul keeps silent notes for praise,
Folded, a mounting wing."

"And is it so ?" Cædmon returned,
"My soul has notes for sighing,
Where secret fires have glowed and burned,
Unquenched by nights of crying.

An' if I sing, what were the theme
You'd have my inspiration ?
I could not praise the least I deem
Of all in God's Creation.

I could not praise for lack of words,
Much less of tuneful numbers,
The breath of flowers, the song of birds,
Or infants' rosy slumbers.

I am a man unlearned and poor,
How should I then be able
To interpret to my fellow-boor
Your stores of myth and fable ?

Until the Past the Present seems ;
The blue 'lift' shining over
The heroes of our blood-dyed streams,
Frigga's green robes must cover."

"Ay, but I still demand thy song,
And I will choose the theme ;
So be it deep, and clear, and strong,
On-rushing as a stream.

Spread that shy folded wing of thine,
Its strength shall be thy guard ;
Doe'st thou well to droop and pine ?
Arouse thee, noble bard !

And mounting to the morning red,
Claim the world's listening ear,
For Heaven-caught melodies o'erhead ;
Claim it without a fear.

The Origin of Things shall be
Thy burden and refrain,
Then couldst thou sing eternally,
Thy song would not be vain."

Of joy and pain the wildest thrill !
His soul had spread her pinions,
And borne him with no conscious will
Straight up to Heaven's dominions.

While an aerial sea of sound
Heaved like the heart's devotion,
Upward he gazed, and down, and round,
Borne on a purer ocean,

Than that that washes Whitby's coast,
With forces strong, magnetic,
It drew him towards the Heavenly host
In rapture sympathetic.

Ravished ! he knew not to endure
The holy exaltation ;
The scene so vast, so bright, so pure !
The sweep of God's creation !

The depth below ! the height above
The myriad voices hymning
The Power, the Providence, the Love !
The Life-Fount's glad o'erbrimming !

Adoring he, he must have died,
Died with his theme unspoken,
Had yet the song-gift been denied,
The spell that bound unbroken.

The music-flood turned back had slain,
In anger at repression,
A being, who 'mid clods had lain,
Unconscious of possession.

But, no ! The Powers that dwe on high
Heard echoes of their singing,
And "God ! God ! God !" was Cædmon's cry,
"God," through the blue air ringing.

And "God ! God ! God ! the first Great Cause
Of all the love and beauty !
The Ultimate of nature's laws,
Of human life and duty !"

And so he sang, his lyre strook
To words and thoughts of fire,
He sang of bird, and bee, and brook,
Nor ever seemed to tire.

Until he woke to find the sun
Was high, and long his sleeping,
The spell was broke, the vision gone,
But memory had in keeping,

The cowherd's carol, full and clear ;
A tongue-tied soul no longer,

He sang it in a scholar's ear,
And still the strain grew stronger.

And so they called him from the lea,
And said, "Be this thy mission,
To clothe the truths we teach to thee,
After thy poet-vision.

We'll give thee of our holiest,
That thou again mayst featly
Our benediction make more blessed,
Our honey pass more sweetly.

Our dew's distil more soft, more kind,
On natures wrath resisting ;
Our thunders louder to the mind
That needs the Law's insisting."

With reverent heart Cædmon obeyed ;
True to his high vocation,
He sang, in serge and cowl arrayed,
The glories of Creation.

But when he thought the love to reach,
That made the Cross its token,
A reverent silence followed speech,
By tears the words were broken.

OUT AMONG THE TURKOMANS.

BY THE REV. JAMES BASSETT, OF TEHERAN, PERSIA.

IV.

THE altitude of Meon Dasht is about 4,400 feet above the sea. The country adjacent is an elevated plateau within a curve, and breaks in the Elburz. To the northward are mountains which seem to be of less altitude, and widely separated by plains. The plateau falls towards the south into the great desert. Not a tree nor human habitation is to be seen beyond the immediate vicinity of the caravansary.

The country here and adjacent, from Shah Rude to Mazenon, is considered unsafe for travellers, yet it is traversed by small parties of men at all seasons. The Persian mail-carrier frequently crosses this country unattended except by a post-boy. It was only a short time subsequent to my journey, that finding no soldiers ready to accompany him, he crossed eleven farsangs of the road with a horse-load of Persian silver coins.

Our caravan, going eastward, started at night with the rising of the moon. We had before us a march of six farsangs to the next station. The entire distance is descending to Abbasabad, which is about 3,200 feet above the sea level.

At dawn we came to springs near which it is said a battle was fought between Persians and Turkomans. The caravan halted near the spring for prayers. There is a small village about midway of this stage. Asafetida grows in abundance on the plain. This plant, a few thorns or thistles, and a few wild flowers, are the only living things to be found, except lizards, serpents, scorpions, and occasionally a wild goat or leopard. The road or pathway follows for some two farsangs the tortuous course of a ravine to within about four miles of the caravansary. From the south-eastern extremity of the gorge there is an extensive view of the desert to the south and east. The station may be discerned towards the east and left hand, ap-

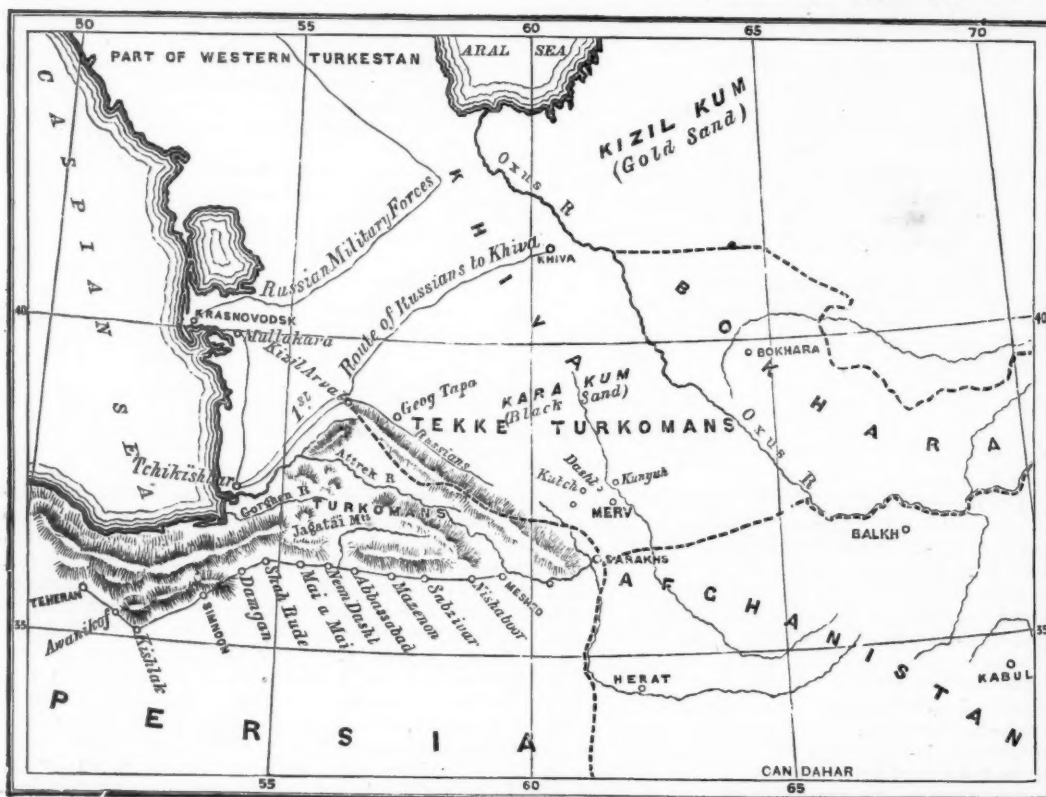
parently at the foot of the descent and close to a line of low hills which are connected by higher ridges with the main line of the Elburz range. Abbasabad is the name of a citadel and small walled town, constructed, according to the statement of the present inhabitants, by Shah Abbas the Great, to receive a company of captive Georgians, whom he brought from Tiflis. The remnants of the colony number seventy families. The account which they give of themselves is that the Shah brought from Tiflis sixty Georgian men and women, and erecting this citadel, put them in it, having appointed them to be his kolams, or guards. They profess to yet hold the firman given by the Shah, in which he ordered an annual payment to them of one hundred and thirty tomans (about fifty pounds sterling), and one hundred and thirty harwar of wheat. It is claimed that the payments are not now made according to the firman. A connaught, or canal for irrigating land, was constructed, and the king ordered that the right to a portion of the water and of the wheat should belong to the head of each house. It is related that, at first, they were forbidden the use of the Georgian tongue, and in this restriction were virtually prohibited from public worship after the forms of the Georgian Church. In the third generation, through the influence of persecution, and owing to the demoralising effect of association with Mohammedans, the captives became Mussulmans in profession and outward form.

These people have suffered much from attacks by Turkomans. They have been often besieged in their fortress town, for they are situated in the fore-front of border warfare, occupying the most exposed position. Many of their number have been carried into captivity. The members of this community seemed to have suffered much from famine in 1871-2. About fifteen

families removed from Abbasabad to Sadrabad, where all perished from famine. The only supply of water for irrigation and for use of the people of the village is from the connaught constructed by order of the Shah. The terms of the firman are said to have given rise to the custom, as a part of the marriage ceremonies among them, of giving the bridegroom a cup of water from the connaught. The Georgian tongue has been quite lost: but in place of it there has arisen a jargon of Persian and Georgian which is used by them for special and private purposes only. Ordinarily the people speak the Persian.

boundless expanse of desert, over which the mirage continuously plays. About six miles from Abbasabad on this road there is a spring of water which has become famous with the people of this region, as a favourite resort of Turkomans. Two or three miles beyond this is the bridge Abrashum, built over an arm of the Kabeer. It is commonly said the road is infested by Turkomans to this bridge.

Two miles farther eastward is the village of Sadrabad. Beyond this village travellers are supposed to be quite safe from attack; but in order to make the security certain, and especially in order to



However unfortunate the condition of these captives may appear considered from the Christian standpoint, it seems much more deplorable, if that were possible, in their own estimation. Many, very many, have long since lost all hope of redemption, and have, so far as it has been possible to efforts of their own, identified themselves with Mussulmans, endeavouring to obliterate all trace of Christian origin. But even this has to a great extent been denied them in the providence of God. The Mohammedan has not permitted them to be successful in this, but perpetuates their source even to the slightest trace of blood. The Christian origin adheres also in most cases through a tradition which seems to alienate them from Islam, and to keep them ever in sympathy with the Christian name.

From Abbasabad to Mazenon the distance is five farsangs. The road runs close to the mountain, but over a very flat plain, and crosses arms of the Kabeer. On the left are the mountains which, upon our maps, are named Gaghatai. On the south is an apparently

obtain necessary supplies and accommodation, the escort accompanies the caravans to Mazenon.

We came up to Sadrabad at the hour of morning prayer, and the caravan, as usual, halted. While the people were dispersed, some at prayers and some lying down to rest, a train of camels passed by, and one of the youthful camel-drivers sang what appeared to be an extempore song, the sentiment of which translated into English is: "If you would sleep sweetly go among the Turkomans. They will give you a bed two by eight; there is your rest, there is your rest." Some three miles from Sadrabad the road gradually ascends from the Kabeer to a level and somewhat cultivated plain, in which there are several villages. Many of these have the marked feature of the older towns, that is, the ruins of old castles or citadels.

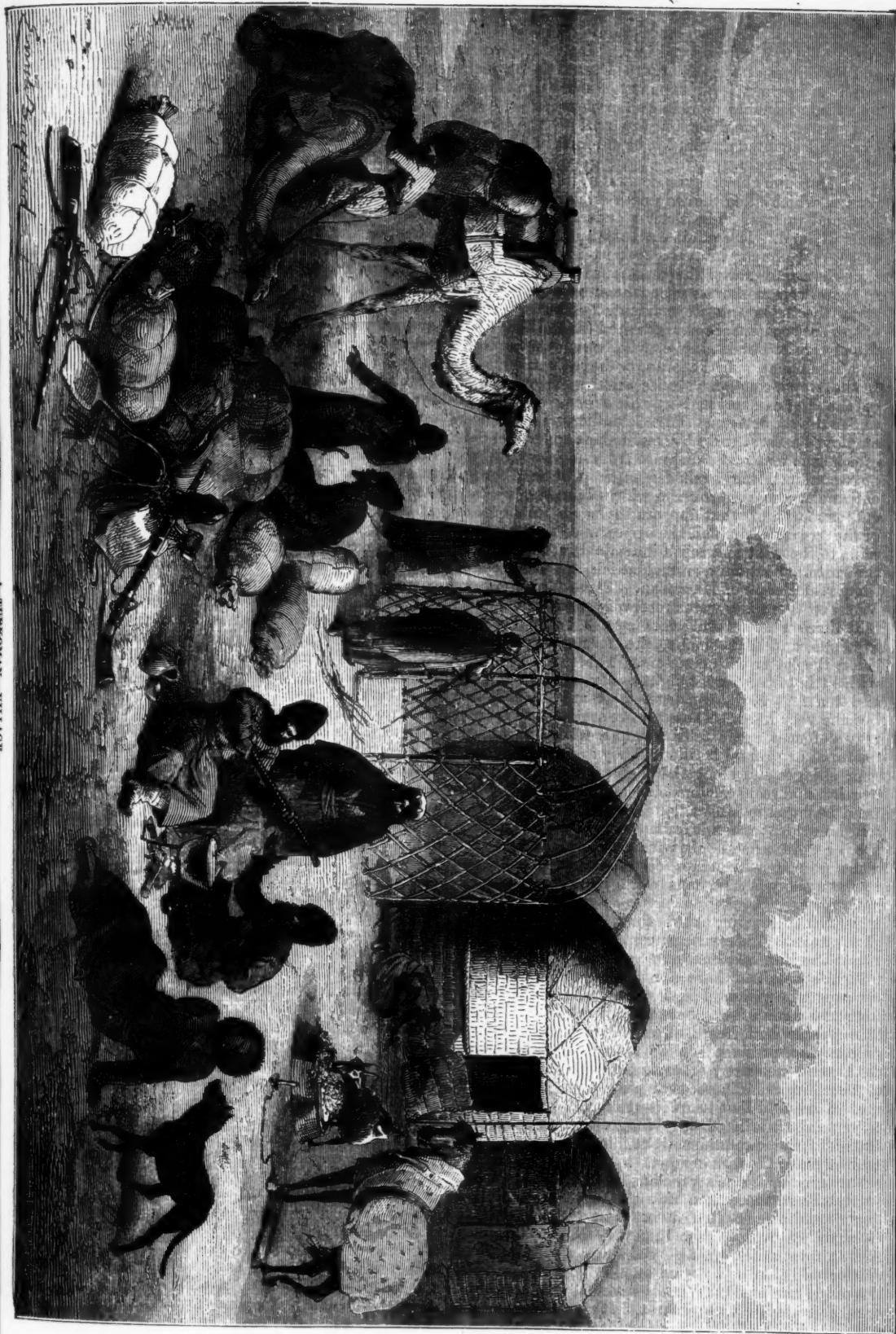
I was told that there are many Georgians in Mazenon, but here, as in other places, where they have become closely allied to Mohammedans, they endeavour to conceal their Christian source. At Mazenon

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one is able to obtain a good impression of the extent and loneliness of the Khorasan Desert as he looks southward over a level expanse of what appears to be an interminable morass and a network of earth and water. Standing on the roof of the chapar khanah I counted six citadels or old forts in all stages of decay and ruin.

At Mazenon the caravan separated into small companies, which filled the way with straggling bands of men and women. The town stands in a cultivated tract of land. It contains a caravansary, telegraph office, and chapar khanah, or post-house. At this time the contractor of the post-house had failed, and so there were no horses except such as were supplied from the telegraph department. The telegraph offices between Teheran and Mashad (or Meshed) are in the charge of Persians, men who have been employed in a like capacity in Teheran, or have been educated in the king's college. Quite all the telegraph lines of the Persian Government have been constructed under the supervision of Mr. Schindler, who has been employed several years by the Shah as superintendent of construction. The distance from Mazenon to the next station, Mahr, is six farsangs. The road for the entire distance runs over a wide plain, the western end or mouth of what appears to be an arm or bay of the great desert, and the appearance of the mountains to the west and south indicate the approach of the eastern boundary to that which has been called the Great Desert of Khorasan. Three farsangs from Mazenon there is a water reservoir, near which I was told there was, several years ago, a battle between Persians and Turkomans, the former armed with rifles, the latter with cimeters. The plain is dotted with little towers about eight or ten feet in diameter and ten feet high, constructed of mud, which has become very hard. These towers are built as temporary defences against Turkomans, where flocks are pastured or ground is tilled. They are more frequent near villages and along the highways, and are noteworthy and conspicuous objects in all the country from Damgon to Mashad. The utility of the towers will be evident when it is known that the Turkomans are, or were, armed only with cimeters. A few Persians armed with rifles could defend themselves against many Turkomans while protected by these little forts. Having made two stages, or about fifty miles, since leaving Abbasabad, we reached Mahr about noon. This village contains, as is reported, about one hundred houses.

While detained here for change of horses, the townspeople gathered in large numbers, anxious to hear the news of war between Russia and Turkey. The people had heard of, and had seen, a British officer who professed to be from "Yange dumá." As I could not deny some knowledge of that country, certain and divers complaints were lodged with me. I am told that turquois are found in the mountains to the north of this village. It may be here stated of the mountains from this point to Mashad and beyond, that report makes them to be rich in many ores and some precious stones. From Mahr to Sabziwar there is a ride of five farsangs over a dreary and uninhabited desert tract which, however, is a valley, and higher than the Khorasan plain. About four miles west of Sabziwar we came upon cultivated fields, and passed an old minaret, or minar, the only remains of the mosque which, it is probable, once surrounded the minaret. It would seem from the description of this minar given by Frazer, that

very little change has happened to it since 1822. He says: "There are extensive heaps of brick and mud around it, which indicate the site of a considerable town, but it now stands alone."

The remnants of old walls and piles of earth are yet visible some distance from the minar which yet stands alone in a tilled field, but the foundation of gravel and cement, that is, of mud and gravel, is several feet above the surface of the field, showing that the foundation at the first must have been laid when the general surface of the site was much higher than it is now. The gravel has been crumbling down and the superstructure of burned brick projects all around several inches beyond the cement base. It would seem that the structure is likely to be soon undermined by the wearing away of the gravel. The column is round and of hard red brick, with a flight of winding stairs to the top, but the doorway had been blocked up to prevent any one from ascending the tower—a wise precaution, as one would think, on looking at the foundation. The structure and position of the tower are such as to identify it, as to origin, with other like works which yet bear, as those in Damgon, inscriptions in Kufe character. The construction, therefore, is to be referred to the earlier Mohammedan era.

From this tower we rode to Sabziwar in about forty minutes, over a country of some cultivation and less desolate aspect than that over which we had come to-day.

Sabziwar is a compound word, of *Sabz* green, and *war* load, or bearing, that is, bearing verdure. It is a walled town, and is conjectured to contain from ten to fifteen thousand souls. The citadel is in ruins, but the remnants of walls now standing show it to have been spacious. The town has a busy aspect, and is one of the best of the many towns of North-eastern Persia. In the country adjacent, cotton and silk are produced, the latter in small quantities. The chief manufactures of the place are a coarse cotton cloth, called kadak, and copper vessels, the copper being imported for the purpose.

The population is wholly Mussulman except a few Armenian traders, whose business consists chiefly in purchasing silk and cotton, which they buy in exchange for Russian goods, and which they export to the Caspian and Georgian provinces. One of them warned us against going to Mashad, and described it as a dangerous place for Christians, owing to the known violence of the moollahs.

A few months subsequent to this I heard that this young man had been murdered while travelling by caravan between Sabziwar and Mahr. When about a farsang from the latter station he is supposed to have fallen asleep on his horse, and so fell behind the caravan, and then killed for his money, of which he had several hundred toman on his person. The Banbs are reported to be numerous here and in the adjacent country. Two missionaries of this sect called upon me at the post-house. One of these men claimed to have made a hundred conversions from Islam during the brief period of his revival efforts in the town. He also said that his wife was the daughter of a Georgian captive. The governor of the district resides here. To the southward is quite a high range of mountains, called Romish. A conversation with these men revealed no new features in the religion of the Banbs. There was a repetition of their standard doctrine and phraseology. The central idea is that of the Shaik: the continuation or

perpetual incarnation of Deity on earth—first, in the prophets, in Christ, in Mohammed, and then in the Bab, whose material form, as the body of Christ, may die, but whose spirit again becomes incarnate. The highest attainment of man is the recognition of, and obedience to, this incarnation of God, who now lives a prisoner on Carmel.

Leaving Sabziwar in the morning, we rode with chapar, or post-horses, to Zafaron, a distance of six farsangs, or twenty-five miles, in two hours and fifteen minutes. The reader of this may recognise in the word of Zafaron the name of the plant saffron. The plant has given the name to the village, which, as most other towns, contains a caravansary and post-house. The town is situated on the plain, like Sabziwar.

In making the next stage to Shore Aub (salt water) we crossed a spur of the mountains which had been close upon our left from Abbasabad. There was a great abundance of spring flowers in bloom; but most conspicuous of all were the poppies, so abundant that the whole surface of the country seemed covered with a Persian carpet, with ground of crimson, in which were set in other flowers figures of yellow, blue, purple, and pink. I picked up a chalcid as large as an orange, and met boys carrying nightingales to market.

Shore Aub has a caravansary and a reservoir of water. One of the caravansaries was built by the Mustofi of Mashad for the benefit of pilgrims. We could obtain no horses at this station, and were, therefore, obliged to ride three farsangs farther, and off the main road, to the plain of Nishabour, where the post-horses are kept on grazing ground. Soon after leaving the station we crossed a low ridge on the north and east of Shore Aub, and had a very extended view of the plain of Nishabour. A ride of several miles over ground without a track brought us to an old stone pike which is said to have been a part of the road to the province of Mazenderon constructed by Shah Abbas. The stones were yet abundant in a kabee which is but a short distance from the grazing ground. At the latter place the horses were feeding on the plain, and the post-rider went out to catch so many as we needed. In the meantime we sought refuge from the midday sun in a booth constructed of earth and covered with leaves. But this place seemed hotter than the open plain to which we resorted. Mounting our horses we rode a short distance only before crossing a river, which is about one hundred feet wide, with water to the saddle girth. A ride of three miles brought us to a well-tilled part of the plain and to the environs of the city.

The plain of Nishabour is one of the most delightful and fertile in Persia, and from its extent and apparent fertility seems to warrant the extravagant praises bestowed upon it in the saying that it is watered by ten thousand streams flowing from ten thousand springs. The name, according to Persian lexicographers, means the City of Shah Bour. It would seem that the city gave name to the plain. Riding through the suburbs, which consist of broken walls and half-tilled fields and dreary cemeteries, we soon entered the gates of the post-house, which stands just without the walls on the south side of the city.

The modern city contains, as is supposed, about ten

thousand Mohammedans. The streets are filthy and narrow, and the walls of the town are broken and unsightly.

The old city is said to have been one of the three oldest cities of the world. The mounds on the plain favour the tradition that it was located a few miles east of the present town. Old coins and antiques are found chiefly in the excavations made in this locality. The antiquity of this city is too great, and its history, as related by Persians, too extended, to be treated of in this place. The history of dynasties, and of Khorasan in particular, centres in Nishabour.

Should I attempt to relate this, it would be necessary to begin with the Pershadrim dynasty and fabulous kings of Persia, and to sketch the fortunes of a city which, following the Persian writers, has figured as a royal city from the days of the Deeebund to Ashmed Shah Abdalle the Afghan.

Hassan Saber, the noted founder of the Assassins, the "old man of the mountains," received instructions here under a distinguished teacher of the Ismaelites; and the tomb of Omer, a poet and famous companion of Hassan, is shown in the cemetery.

The city of Nishabour is the usual point of departure for the turquois mines, which are from nine to eleven farsangs distant. As I felt that the mine and the processes of working it, so often described by travellers as the most important object in this region, presented no adequate motive for the delay and ride of seventy miles or more, I did not go to see it. The turquois are, it is supposed, to be obtained in other places than Madan in these mountains. My servant purchased for me, when in Mashad, a fowl, and as he opened it to prepare it for boiling he discovered several small but good turquois, and the sage conclusion was drawn that other mines might be found.

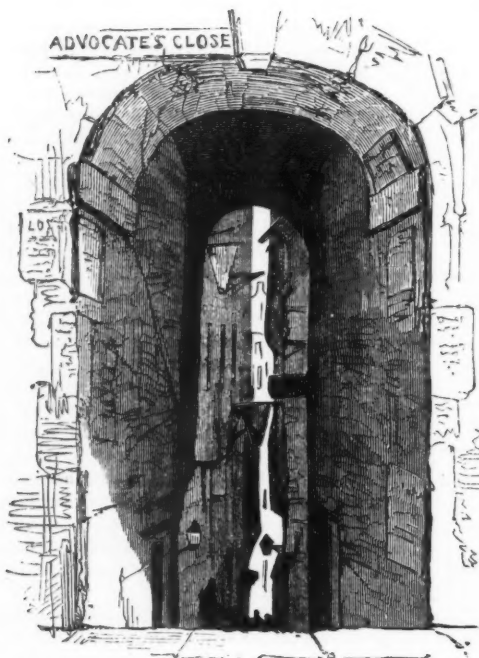
Finding that the post-house was not supplied with horses, we rode to the caravansary on the east near a large cemetery. The caravansary was full of pilgrims, who were entertained by a man exhibiting serpents and scorpions. The stings of the scorpions had been extracted, and it was presumed that the poisonous fangs of the serpents had also been pulled out. It is the uniform testimony of the natives that the serpent-charmers extract the poison-bearing fangs. Instances are cited of serpent-charmers being killed by the bite of reptiles the fangs of which they supposed had been taken out, but in which examination showed the tooth had been broken, and a splinter left sufficient to cause a wound and convey the venom.

Leaving Nishabour near sunset we rode six farsangs to Kudumzah, a word which means footstool or threshold, and is so named in commemoration of the fact, real or supposed, that Imaum Riza lodged here on his way to Toos. There is a garden and mosque where tradition has fixed his lodging-place. A mosque, a caravansary, and post-house are the chief and only buildings. A village and citadel occupy an adjacent hill higher up the mountains. The grove of large, old cypress-trees, and a stream of water flowing beneath their shade, are the most inviting objects. The pilgrims seemed to entertain this opinion, for they had taken possession of nearly every available foot of shade, either for themselves or for their beasts.



SCOTTISH CHARACTERISTICS.

VIII.—OLD EDINBURGH.



WE had just stepped outside from our hotel, not far from the noble Scott Monument in Princes Street, Edinburgh; it was verging towards evening, and we were standing, in a half irresolute frame of mind, undetermined which way we should walk in a city where every inch of ground is a romance, and every suburb an enchantment, when a respectable stranger who, we suppose, saw that we were not native to the land of cakes, and had perhaps noticed our eyes travelling up and down that most splendid highway, and glancing on the gathering lights glimmering out from the old town opposite, accosted us with "Is na it a braw city, sir?" We expressed our entire sympathy with his evident hearty admiration.

"Why, sir," continued our interlocutor, "I suppose it is weel kent there is na sich anither bit o' kintra on the face of all the yarth!" He was a fine, hearty-looking Lowlander, evidently of the Scottish Borders, quite prepared to chant to any extent the praises of his great Scotch capital. We mildly complied with the claims he levied on our regards, only narrowing them by a confession of ignorance of the greater number of the cities of the world, or even of Europe, but giving him our hearty adhesion so far as our knowledge permitted. "Weel," exclaimed our companion, "I hav na been muckle o' a traveller mysel, but I hae run a bit about England, and have just been o'er the water to Paris—a bonnie city, wi' its gardens, and squares, and sic like—but, oh, man! it's

a pair thing compared wi' Embro'. It's just like comparing a sausage to a haggis. Do ye ken Davie Wilkie?" "The great painter?" we suggested. "Aye, that's the man; weel, did ye nae hear what he said about Embro'? Why, he said that he had just travelled over all Europe to find that a' that it was necessary to see elsewhere was just to be found in this braw city. It was at a public dinner, gien to him just on this verra spot, and I think likely in this verra house ye hae just come out of, and I mind me he said that he'd been to Prague, and Saltzburg, and he'd been to Genoa, and Naples, and Athens, and he mentioned places he'd seen in Rome, and Greece, and Spain, and the very crack places, too; and mind me if he did na say that the like o' them a' were to be found in Auld Reekie. Aye, man! but it's a bonny spot!" Our admiring friend proceeded to expatiate in a very intelligent and instructive manner upon the memories, the mysteries, and the glories of his city; Edinburgh was evidently a passion with him. We walked together up into the High Street, and there we parted.

But we have often thought that he was not far wrong; and, perhaps, of all the great cities which travellers are wont to visit from motives of memory, affection, and admiration, if there are some which equal, it may be questioned if any one can bear the palm away from the great Northern Capital. He was quite right about Sir David Wilkie; he almost quoted his words exactly, though it was probably the passion of nationality—and where is the Scotchman who is destitute of that?—which led him to say, on the occasion to which our friend referred, "What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city; here are alike the beauties of Prague and Saltzburg; here are the romantic sights of Orvietto and Tivoli; and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed, to the poetic fancy may be found realised the Roman capital and the Grecian Acropolis."

It is not mere local vanity which makes Scotchmen believe that, in point of position, Edinburgh is not only unsurpassed, but unrivalled by any cities in Europe, with the possible exceptions of Corinth and Constantinople. Venice and Florence are wonderful dreams, and the first, especially, is an amazing freak of architecture—a city on the sea; but they depend more for the passion of admiration they excite upon what is in them than what nature has done around them. Innspruck and Geneva are grand, and magnificent in the surrounding majesties of nature; but they have little interior, and their natural glories of immediate neighbourhood can scarcely be said to equal the Scottish metropolis. Vienna, Berlin, Paris, have no castle crags like those which rise so proudly over the northern city; and their rivers have none of the wild beauties of those which are to be found here, and

they are at a distance from the ever-living and ever-changing sea; while the absence of the great excitements of trade and manufactures have constituted this spot the retreat of quiet wealth and learned leisure, and, in certain and recent periods of its history, have made it indeed a very Athens in renown, for the presence of its large constellation of poets, philosophers, historians, and preachers.

Lord Cockburn wrote and published a letter to the Lord Provost on the best ways of spoiling the beauties of Edinburgh; and there can be no doubt that, while manufactures might and would materially increase the wealth of the city, they would soon rob it of that isolated beauty and splendour with which it lifts itself up, as has so often been remarked, a metropolis worthy of the land of the mountain and the flood, the glen, the forest, and the loch. We know of no other city with such a cliff rising in the centre of it, crowned with its hoary Castle, and such crags as those of Salisbury and Arthur's Seat rising over it, whilst at their foot stands the historic old palace of Holyrood. Looked at from the sea, or from the heights of the Castle Hill, or walking down its noble Princes Street, or wending in and out through its innumerable and haunted closes in the old town—every way and everywhere Edinburgh is wonderful.

Edinburgh in particular, and Scotland in general, have been eminently honoured. Probably there is no spot on the face of the earth of which so much has been written, so much has been well said and well sung. The novelists, like Scott and Galt and the Wilsons, not to mention a number of other and many inferior names, have set the social manners of the people, the scenery, and the historical incidents in such a pleasing light; the poets, like Scott again, Burns, Fergusson, and Ramsay, have made every variety of beauty familiar to all readers by their verse. No other spot has been honoured by such a crowd of artists and engravers, illustrating and realising the charm of scenery, the romantic structure of old buildings, or the curiosities of old manners. The Abbotsford edition of Scott is as remarkable in this particular as are the works themselves, which have attained so extensive a renown. And then the archaeologists and historians of Edinburgh and Scotland, like Burton, Rogers, Pitcairn, Chambers, have explored every cranny where a fact or a forgotten incident might be supposed to lie. Besides these, there is a world of biographers and collectors of anecdotes and *ana*, men like Dr. Strong, whose "Clubs of Glasgow" is full of the odd incidents of states of society which have been long left to oblivion, and of which such works are the pleasant relics, brought up by such divers from the deep seas. Edinburgh is a place of which not only its citizens, but all England and all English colonies may well be proud. What an amount of brain it has supplied to the world. It has been like a popular author who needed a large population to give to him his success and fame. The great men of Edinburgh could not have attained their eminence without London and the large populations and interests London represents. But what great successes the ventures of Edinburgh have been, when we think of the "Edinburgh Review," "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," and "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal." It is true these have now for the most part left the city of their birth, but in their first years they were eminently Scotch. And as we walk round the old city, what names and memories come up—names of men who were all there together.

Henry Cockburn has given a charming picture of that old time in his memorials, talking with all the affectionate garrulity of a wise, thoughtful, and highly cultivated man. It is almost idle to mention names, but when the isolated state of that small city at the commencement of this century is remembered, when there were no trains to thunder along at the foot of the Castle, and no steamers to break the stillness of the beautiful waters of its Firth; to think that there were Dugald Stewart and his successor, Thomas Brown; that there were Scott, Lockhart, Wilson, and that singular chieftain, the Ettrick Shepherd; that there was Thomas Chalmers, and in another—perhaps some would call it a sectarian—pulpit, John Brown; there the young Chamberses were just commencing their career as publishers, and one certainly exciting attention by his first happy effort as an author in his "Traditions of Edinburgh;" that there was Jeffery, and frequently his greater companion in arms and collaborateur in literature, Henry Brougham; there frequently the young Carlyle, even after his student days, was a marked man and a frequent visitor; and William Hamilton was gathering into his mind that amazing variety of learning which some have thought, perhaps, the most stupendous ever found in a single head, and revolving all into philosophic theses which were to be the *nuclei philosophica*, the hard nuts for generations of thinkers to crack. When it is remembered that all this mental development was going on there—great poems read with avidity all over the earth as soon as published; great novels which changed the whole idea of what a novel might, or ought to be; great preachers, whose oratory was famous and effective beyond that of almost any other preachers of the age; great lecturers in the university; and great reviews and magazines all over the empire, diffusing or directing opinion—and all this in a town then not nearly the size of the present Brighton—it must be admitted that Edinburgh was a remarkable little piece of earth. Since that day a large portion of what was then so interesting in Edinburgh has passed away. Perhaps Edinburgh is now almost as unlike what it was in those days, as, in those days it was unlike to the city of which the earliest history informs us when it was but a small burgh, or rather, a village, the houses of which, because they were so often exposed to incursions from England, being thatched for the most part with straw and turf, so that when burnt or demolished they were with no great difficulty restored.

It is no part of our purpose to write a history of Edinburgh. Even now the lovers of romance, and those who like to loiter among the dainty bits of grotesque building which artists love to sketch, and over which poets love to dream, will find plenty of queer old places. It is unfortunately true that the perambulator must usually pay for his explorations by wading through a world of filth. It is something astonishing that such a noble city, with a people also capable of such noble things, should be permitted to abide contented amidst such singularly filthy high-ways and byeways. Never shall we forget the disenchantment which came over our minds when we first went down the Canongate. The Chronicles of the Canongate of these later days would furnish very different stories from those of the Great Northern Wizard. Here, for many years, has run down, as into a common sewer, the beggary and destitution, the dirt and drunkenness of the great city; in this street,

at the foot of which is the old palace, the street in which the proudest nobles, the Morays, the Montroses, and the Argyles lived, or moved with their cavalcades to and fro, is seen nothing but dirt and squalor now, while gin-shops everywhere abound where once the houses of proud nobles stood. With all due deference and homage to the transcendent genius of Sir Walter Scott, we have always thought that his "Chronicles of the Canongate" was rather a misnomer. Of course, he knew the history of every bit of stone in Edinburgh; but, assuredly, he might have found, in the old Canongate itself, anecdotes, facts, and traditions even more appropriately belonging to it than those he has recited.

In fact the old Canongate is full of traditions of which the gravest historians recite the legends. Adjoining Rae's Close there is a stone tenement with an antique gable façade, in which is the curious figure of a turbaned Moor, "occupying a pulpit in a recess." It stood upon a spot called for ages, and still so called, when Wilson published his "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time," "Morocco Land." Wilson claims to have ferreted out the origin of this singular name and sign. The mobs of Edinburgh were in ancient times troublesome and famous affairs. On the accession of Charles I, from some cause not necessary to expound, such a mob assailed the house of the provost, who had made himself unpopular; they broke into it and fired it. After some time, order was re-established, but several of the rioters were seized, and amongst others a leading spirit, Andrew Gray, a son of the Master of Gray, whose descendants still inherit the honours and title of the family; he was convicted and sentenced to be executed in a day or two; the gallows was erected, and all preparations completed for the execution, but the very night before the morning fixed for the execution, the old Tolbooth—whose gates were often so sensible to the privileges of gentle blood—connived at his escape; the culprit effected it by means of a rope and file; a boat was in waiting at the foot of one of the closes, by which he was ferried over the North Loch, and, long before the hour appointed for execution, Andrew Gray was beyond the reach of his pursuers. Years passed away, and he was heard of no more. The sack of the provost's house was forgotten; but in the year 1645 a terrible gloom hung over the city, it was the year of the last visitation of pestilence; the plague appears almost to have equalled in its ravages the great plague of London; all the prisoners in the Tolbooth were set at liberty; all persons not free of the city were compelled to leave it; the city was deserted.

In the midst of this dismay, and all the preparations made to diminish the ravages of the plague, a curious vessel anchored in the Leith Roads. It turned out to be an Algerine rover; a number of the crew landed. They were told in vain of the dreadful scourge to which they exposed themselves; they evidently intended no good will to the city. It is said, by old Maitland, there were scarce sixty men equal to the defence of the town in the event of attack. The magistrates proposed to ransom the town, and a large ransom was agreed to be received on condition that the son of the provost, Sir John Smith, should be delivered up to the captain of the Algerine rover. But it transpired that the provost had no son, and his only child, a daughter, lay stricken of the plague, of which her cousin, Egídia Gray, had recently died. This information seemed

to work a sudden change in the mind of the leader of the Moors; he intimated his possession of an elixir of wonderful potency, and demanded that the provost's daughter should be intrusted to his care and skill, engaging, if he did not cure her immediately, to embark with his men and leave the city free without ransom. It was only after the earnest exhortations of his friends that Sir John Smith accepted the offer of the Moor, who would not go to the provost's house, but insisted that the young lady should be brought to that where he had taken up his abode, at the head of the Canongate, and, to the astonishment of the father, the fair invalid was shortly after restored to him safe and well. Then came the singular close of the story. The Moorish leader and physician proved to be Andrew Gray. He had been captured by pirates and sold as a slave, had won the favour of the Emperor of Morocco, and risen to rank and wealth in his service. He had returned to Scotland, bent on revenging his early wrongs on the magistrates of Edinburgh, when he found the destined object of his special vengeance, the provost, to be a relative of his own. He married the provost's daughter, and settled down a wealthy citizen in the Canongate. The house to which his fair patient was borne, and whither he afterwards brought her as a bride, is still adorned with the effigy of his royal patron, the Emperor of Morocco, and has ever since been called "Morocco Land." The residents of Edinburgh have often seen it, and probably wondered why it should be there. The writer has often looked at it, and realised the wild story whose memory it perpetuates. It is added that Andrew Gray had vowed never to enter the city but with sword in hand, and having abandoned all thoughts of revenge he kept the vow till his death, and never passed the threshold of the Nether-bow port. In the Canongate the figure of the Moor has always been a subject of popular admiration and wonder, and Dr. Wilson, although he says he cannot pretend to guarantee the romantic legend, thought he discovered coincidences in the title-deeds of the Gray estate, confirmations of the Chronicle of the Algerine rover and the provost's daughter. Such is one of the memories of this famous street.

From among the many houses, so difficult now to conceive of as the residences of great statesmen and beautiful women, there is one, Moray House, upon which, and its balcony, we have often looked with interest as we have passed it by. There, in that room from which juts out the balcony, in 1650 great merry-makings were going on, the occasion being the marriage of Lord Lorne, afterwards known as the unfortunate Duke of Argyle, with the Lady Mary Stuart, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Moray. While they were there a crowding and hurrying was observed in the street. Along the Canongate the great Marquis of Montrose was borne, ignominiously bound to a low cart, to the place of execution. Montrose had fought with and overcome Argyle, the father of the bridegroom—had driven him beyond the sea, and wasted his country with fire and sword; and now, as he came beneath the windows of Moray House, the Earl of Lauderdale, then Lord Chancellor, Lord Wariston, and the Countess Haddington, along with the Marquis of Argyle and the bride and bridegroom, stepped out on the old stone balcony to gaze upon their prostrate enemy. It is even said that the Countess Argyle's niece so far forgot her sex as to spit upon Montrose as he passed. The gloomy pro-

cession passed on to the Tolbooth, and the gay wedding-party disappeared from the window. But what a picture of the vicissitudes of the times it furnishes, to remember that three of these onlookers, including the gay and happy bridegroom, perished by the hand of the executioner on the same spot as that to which Montrose was wending his melancholy way. Truly the Canongate is full of memories.

So is the Lawn Market, so called because, even within the memory of men now living, the wide thoroughfare was covered with the stalls and booths of lawn merchants, with their webs and cloths of every description. Amongst these singular closes we are to seek, and here we shall find, some of the most interesting houses of the last century. Very few persons will visit Edinburgh for more than a brief sojourn without seeking Lady Stair's Close. That contemptible-looking house held in its day the leaders of fashion, at a period when the distinctions of rank and fashion were guarded with a jealousy which we now can scarcely imagine. If, however, we step into the interior, we shall find in some of the rooms indications of an ancient style of which the exterior gives us little idea. The Countess of Stair adds to this house an especially romantic interest, as in her singularly chequered and romantic life is said to have occurred the incident which Sir Walter Scott has told in "Aunt Margaret's Mirror," one of the most singular stories of this neighbourhood.

It is in this immediate neighbourhood that haunted houses abound. Perhaps the clouds of fancy are rolling away from most of them, and, beneath the lights of advancing intelligence, and the demand for house accommodation, old closes and their chambers are being disenchanted; it seems, however, that in many a stack of buildings where, while one flat storey or suit of rooms might be occupied, others in the same building might remain locked, closed, and unoccupied for years, about which innumerable weird stories would spring up. We believe there are many such suites of chambers so unoccupied even now. We must quote the words of a well-known citizen of Edinburgh, remarkable for caution and good common sense, Robert Chambers. In the last edition of his "Traditions of Edinburgh," published so recently as 1869, he says: "At no very remote time there were several houses in the old town which had the credit of being haunted; it is said that there is one at this day in the Lawn Market, 'a flat' which has been shut up from time immemorial. The story goes that one night, as preparations were made for a supper-party, something occurred which obliged the family, as well as all the assembled guests, to retire with precipitation and lock up the house. From that night it has never once been opened, nor was any of the furniture withdrawn; the very goose, which was undergoing the process of being roasted at the time of the occurrence, is still at the fireplace; no one knows to whom the house belongs; no one ever inquires after it; no one living ever saw the inside of it: it is a condemned house. There is something peculiarly dreadful about a house under these circumstances—what sights of horror might present themselves if it were entered." When in Edinburgh we have tried to discover the close in which this "flat" might be, we are sorry to say ineffectually, but we saw many which might seem to be worthy of holding such a legend.

Most of the lovers of old associations will regret that the old Tolbooth is no more, "The Heart of

Mid Lothian," as it was properly called. In fact it was the Newgate of the old city. Several years ago one of the wildest and most popular demagogues of modern times, not quite aware of what the "Heart of Midlothian" meant, went down to Edinburgh to harangue the roughs, and before a large concourse of persons whom he gathered round him to unfold his scheme, in an inflated flight of eloquence he commenced his address: "Brothers and men of the 'Heart of Mid Lothian.'" In point of fact, what that expressed was, "my brother jail-birds!" To his amazement what he intended to be a telling apostrophe created a loud and utterly unconquerable roar of laughter; the orator was discomfited, and his unfortunate and unsuccessful flight amidst the tropes and figures of poetry more successfully foiled the purposes of his meeting than any reading of the Riot Act would have done. The Heart of Mid Lothian, the old Tolbooth, stood next to St. Giles's Church; it has been down for more than half a century, so that Scott's novel was a kind of funeral sermon for the old building. It was haunted by a crowd of memories; in its ancient days, royal and fiscal; in more modern times, for the most singular stories in the romance of crime; it was in fact an old curiosity-shop of crime. In the hall or chapel hung a board, on which were the following true and expressive lines:—

"A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive;
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place for jades and thieves
And honest men among."

It appears to have been a horrible place, but its historian says it knew the men who ought not to be too roughly handled, and the consequence was that almost every criminal of rank confined in it contrived somehow to make an escape. One of the most remarkable stories was that of the Lady Catherine Nairne, who, in 1766, was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death for the murder of her husband. He had treated her, it appeared, with great barbarity; but, although popular prejudice was very strong against her, so that the crowd upon her appearance was prepared to give her a very rough reception, her exceeding beauty, joined to her exceeding youth, quite turned the tide of feeling in her favour, and her guilt, although she had been very guilty, was forgotten in a tide of sympathy. When condemned she was near the time of her confinement; her execution was delayed on this account. A midwife in the city was admitted into the prison to attend her; two days after her confinement, disguised as the midwife she composedly walked out of the Tolbooth. Intending, apparently, to call at the house of her uncle, afterwards Lord Dunsinane, she knocked at the door of the judge who had condemned her. The footman, who had been at the trial, recognised her; she took to her heels. The hue-and-cry was raised, and still she escaped to some cellars apparently unknown, but belonging to her uncle's house. There she continued some days, and at last effected a safe escape to France disguised in a soldier's uniform; thence she reached America, where she is said to have changed in an eminent degree her morals and her manners, married again, and died at a very

advanced age, highly honoured and loved by a very large family.

A far more tender story of the old Tolbooth is that of the faithful wife of a poor wig-maker of Leith, who was executed for signing a bill to save her husband from disgrace. It was a case singularly involved, and well calculated to create a large amount of sympathy, but she had no rich relations or aristocratic connections to connive at her escape, and she died the victim of her mistaken act of constancy and affection.

Walking about among the old houses of Edinburgh nothing was, and we may still say is, more noticeable than the frequent inscriptions over houses; of course we mean the old houses, with their fantastic timbers and stone gables, strange relics of a forgotten order of things. Thus, over one house, on the antique lintel, is the quaint legend in ornamental characters of a very early date, "*He gt tholes obercumies*;" that is, "*He that tholes (or endures) overcomes*." Who put up this motto is not, and never will be known; but it is very illustrative of the Scotch character, nor can it be doubted that the unknown person who reared this house, and put over it this inscription, had realised it as the great truth of life, that steady, quiet endurance conquers and triumphs at last. Many of the inscriptions are in old Latin. A handsome tenement stands not far from the Cowgate, surmounted with two ornamental gables, bearing on them the initials of the two builders, and over the main doorway the inscription, "*Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together, 1643.*" But the tailors, over their hall, when it was erected in 1664, put very ambitious and striking inscriptions; an earlier inscription, 1621, with the sign of the shears and three balls of thread, bears the pious wish, "*God giue the blisung to the tailer craft in the good town of Edinburgh.*" Then, over the main entrance is the dedication verse:—

"*To the glorie of God, and bertewis renowne,
The companie of tailreours with this good town;
For meiting of their craft this hal his erected,
With trust in God's goodness to be blis & protected.*"

In a recess in a picturesque timber-fronted tenement, opposite St. Peter's Pond, is a very fine door with an inscription which perhaps has been passed by many onlookers as altogether too puzzling and vernacular to make out:—

"*Gif be Deid as be soold be mycht haif as be bald.*"

Literally rendered into modern English, it is, "If we did as we should, we might have as we would." We do not remember ever to have seen a more pathetic inscription than that which tells a sad story, although a story altogether unknown, at the head of Rae's Close, near to that Morocco Land in the Canongate of which we spoke a short time since:—

"*Miserere mei Domine; a peccato, probro, debito,
et morte subita, me libera, 1618.*"

One of the oldest inscriptions in Edinburgh—alas! that we should say it—is over the "Rose and Thistle Tap," the traditional guard-house of Cromwell's Ironsides after the battle of Dunbar, "*Faith in Christ enlie sabit, 1567.*" While another building in the

High Street, of the period of James VI., has an inscription with a hand pointing, as if giving emphasis to it, "*The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance, and of my cup; Thou maintainest my lot. Psalm xvi. verse 5.*" Sometimes these inscriptions are placed on ceilings, sometimes over fireplaces; several very beautiful inscriptions are in the Castle, and there are so many, and so representative of various phases of historical opinion, that an interesting volume might be compiled giving the various mottoes, the engravings of them, and perhaps, in many instances, some necessary elucidation of their meaning; some of them in the Edinburgh interiors are exceedingly beautiful.

Shall we say that the national character as revealed in the history of Scotland seems to be usually that of a grim one? How especially this comes out in the records of punishments for offences; some of the sentences, as gathered by Dr. Wilson, are very odd. We will take the liberty to simply adapt the spelling to our modern ocular and audible senses; thus, we read "Patrick Gowanlot, on the first of July, 1530, is banished the town for ever, under pain of death, for harbouring a woman infected with pestilence, and half of his moveable goods be applied to the common work of the town for his default; and his serving-woman, which is infected, for her concealing the same, shall be burnt on both cheeks, and banished the town for ever, under pain of death." Drowning was a frequent punishment of women for stealing. A favourite punishment in the seventeenth century was the standing in the pillory with the ears nailed to it. We read, in 1655 the marshal's man who was appointed to "Haif cuttit Mr. Patrick Maxwell haill lug (ear) did onlie cut off part of his lug, was therefore this day brought to the Market Cross of Edinburgh, and set upon the pillory and there his lug boirit for not obeying his commission in that point." There was a mode of punishment which we confess passes beyond our knowledge, "nose pinching;" thus we read, in 1728, of the trial against "Jean Spence, noted thief, pilloried, her lug nailed, and her nose pinched."

Such were some of the terrors to evil-doers in old Edinburgh. Yet it was a singularly merry and convivial old city. Scott, both in "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," and others of his works, has given very vivid descriptions of days when tavern dissipation amongst the respectable classes prevailed to an amazing extent; it was the same in Glasgow as in Edinburgh; there were a multitude of clubs with ridiculous rules and designations; there was the Dirty Club, at which no gentleman was to appear in clean linen; the club of the Black Wigs; the club of Odd Fellows, all whose members were bound to write their names upside down; there was the Spenthrift Club, so called from the extravagance of the members, who were all bound to spend fourpence-halfpenny each night; and there was the Pious Club, so called because they met in a room over a pie-house, but who really adopted this as an equivocal, as they really were steady characters always breaking up at ten o'clock at night, never drinking more than one gill, and, if they met on a Sunday evening, always restricting their conversation to the subject of the morning's sermon.

Enough that, although so much has been written upon this subject, it is still fresh in every kind of interest for the pen of poet or archaeologist, the pencil of the artist, or note-book of the collector of the folk-lore of the manners and customs of the fathers and mothers of Old Edinburgh.